

# ELEGY

On the DEATH of Mr. *WILLIAM SHERWOOD*, Victualler at the Sign of the *Lion and Ball* in *Red Lion-street*, who after having lain for some time in State, was Buried at *St. Andrews, Holbourn*, on *Tuesday* the 22d. instant, his Corps being Attended by 300 Persons, besides several Files of Granadeers, of which he was Lieutenant.

At last our Hopes are fled, and he's departed,  
And leaves us Fuddling Sinners broken hearted,  
To think how Death could take delight in Bawking  
The bold Designs of *Honourable Chalking*;  
Who now shall set young Lawyers Clerks a roaring,  
And countenance the Noble Art of Scoring?  
Who shall instruct the Soldiers in procedure,  
And dare to give Cross words to Grim File-Leader,  
Who Cloath'd in Buff, disdains Reproof, and scorns  
To use his Gun, since he can use his Horns?  
Ah *Sherwood*, to thy great Example's owing  
That *Sots* are skill'd in Drink, and *Warriors* knowing,  
That *Bars* are render'd *White* by Midnight debtors,  
And many a *Name* is *Book'd* in *Apple Letters*;  
And should thy virtues want to be recorded,  
Thy Transcendent Worth be unrewarded,  
How would this Thankless Age be call'd Ungrateful,  
And hearty Soakers go without their Pate-full?  
Above thy Station, and thy Designs  
Thy Mind as frothy as thy Working Ale  
But *Sour* thy Temper like thy Beer when Stale:  
Yet thou hadst Vertues, and couldst rarely Nick it,  
When thou vouchsafst thy self to turn the Spicket;  
And being gracious pleas'd to let the Tap run,  
Quitting thy glorious *Sash* for foul Blew *Apron*:  
Witness the many *Pots* of *Parke* I've seen  
Drawn by thy Hands, most nicely dash'd, and clean;  
And potent Mugs of powerful Ale and Beer,  
Frothing at Top, as if thy Mind was there.  
But I do wrong to this departed Ghost  
In treating him, as if a Common Host.  
His Frowns Command, and charge me to forbear,  
And lose the *Vickler* in the *Man of War*.  
Methinks I see him on a Muster-day,  
Dress'd like a Hero, Fanciful and Gay;  
The Face well Scour'd with Soap, and by his side,  
There stands the price of Majesty his *Bride*,  
Who puts his Ruffles into Pleits, and dresses  
Her Charming Spouse with thousand soft Caresses,  
As his proud Soul contemplates his Condition,  
And thanks *Short-Pots* for getting his *Commission*;  
Whilst he gives Drink for Name of *Noble Captain*.  
Perceiving not the snares which he is trapt in.  
Awful he looks, and dreadful to the Sight,  
And meditates the pleasures of the Fight;  
Which stead of Dangers, and of hateful *Bullets*  
Presents him with *Roast-Beef*, and Legs of *Pullets*.  
But why alas! Am I thus long deceiv'd?  
And fancie life in one of Life bereav'd?  
Yonder He lies, and breathless is his Carcass  
Damn'd, I could almost Swear, 'tis such a hard Case.  
Behold the Champion, who when living durst  
Fight to appease his Hunger and his Thirst,  
In Bloodless Battles, and in harmless Boils,  
Employ'd his Labours, and pursu'd his Soils,  
Now Moulder into Ashes, and decline

Speechless, as is the *Lyon* on his *Sign*.

O Death! What mischief did ere *Sherwood* do thee?  
Though He Kill'd none, his *Liquors* sent 'em to thee;  
His *Punch*, his *Brandy*, and his *Heath'nish Spirits*  
Might have atton'd for his default of Merits,  
Since *Carbuncled Offenders* come by Scores  
And own the Conquest of his damn'd *Al-fours*;  
As they with glancing Pimples on their Faces  
Illuminate thy dark and loathsome places.  
But I in vain my sighs and tears have spent,  
And fruitless vows for *Sherwood* upwards sent,  
Sighs are in vain, unless their cause was juster,  
He'll ne're return again to go to Muster:  
And fearless of Abuses or of Slander  
Will shew himself a terrible Commander.  
Yet Heavens be prais'd, that though the *Tapster's* gone  
The taps are still in use, and *Spickets* run,  
That the blest *Cellar* which H has left, produces  
*some Liquors*, and *Celestial Juices*,  
To those who such a *Loss* survive,  
Happy in Life, if those but keep alive.

## EPITAPH.

Beneath this silent Stone there lies  
An insolent Householder,  
Who living followed two Employes,  
A Victualler and a Soldier,  
The first Employment swell'd his purse,  
The last puff'd up his Mind,  
Which of the two's the greatest Curse  
E'en let the Readers find.  
His Wealth, that purchas'd him his Pride,  
His Pride got a Commission  
But what that got we can't decide,  
Who know not his Condition.  
He's dead and that's enough 'acquaint  
A Man of any sense,  
That if He's looking for a Saint  
He must go farther hence.  
Short *Pots* you know and under siz'd  
May chance to get Estates  
But never make us Canoniz'd  
Or open Heavens Gates.  
A Tawdry *Sash* may also shew  
The Post a Man inherits,  
But Reader neither I nor you  
Can swear that Man has Merits.  
What ere he was, 'tis all the same  
To me who am a *Writing*;  
You give him but a Sinners Name,  
I'll swear his Sin was Fighting.

FINIS.

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